



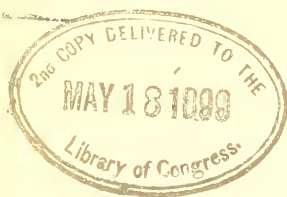
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# WITHIN THE HEDGE

*by*

Martha Gilbert Dickinson

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WITHIN THE HEDGE



# Within the Hedge

By

Martha Gilbert Dickinson



New York

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1899

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To My Brother  
Edward Dickinson



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**W**HY covet a knowledge of new facts?  
Day and night, house and garden, a  
few books, a few actions, serve us as  
well as would all trades and all spectacles.

**W**E are far from having exhausted the  
significance of the few symbols we use.  
We can come to use them yet with a  
terrible simplicity.

**I**T does not need that a poem should be long.  
Every word was once a poem. Every new  
relation is a new word.

Emerson



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WITHIN THE HEDGE



## IN ABSENCE

As one who turns from waves upon the shore  
To dream a distant ocean in the sky,  
Thine absent presence sways my spirit more  
Than all the human voices thronging nigh.

How visible, yet how removed, are these  
Strong hands I touch, these kisses on my face,  
When sunset smiling wistful through the trees  
Again enslaves me to thy vanished grace !

My thoughts outrun the senses slow, to share  
In some unfettered realm our old delight,  
As if a vibrant chord had thrilled the air  
And loosed wide wings a-quivering for flight.

*In Absence*

---

I breathe thy hidden fragrance, feel thee near,  
Disdainful of each barrier's control,  
Till all my world becomes thy symbol dear,  
And parting but a gateway of the soul.

## SEPARATION

There be many kinds of parting ;—yes, I  
know,

Some with fond grieving eyes that overflow,  
Some with brave hands that strengthen as  
they go ;

Ah yes, I know, I know.

But there be partings harder still to tell,  
That fall in silence like an evil spell,  
Without one wistful message of farewell—  
Ah yes, too hard to tell.

There is no claiming of one sacred kiss,  
One token for the days when life shall miss  
A spirit from the world of vanished bliss ;  
Ah no, not even this.

*Separation*

---

There is no rising ere the birds have sung  
Their skywardsongs, to journey with the sun—  
Nor folded hands to show that life is done ;  
Ah no, for life is young.

There are no seas, no mountains rising wide,  
No centuries of absence to divide—  
Just soul space, standing daily side by side ;  
Ah, wiser to have died !

Hands still clasp hands, eyes still reflect their  
own ;

Yet had one over universes flown,  
So far each heart hath from the other grown,  
Alone were less alone.



## FIDELITY

As Love remembereth the old love's form  
    Though quickening life hath vanished long  
        ago,  
So I have seen a frail birch through the  
    storm  
    Rock tenderly a frozen nest of snow.

## THE CHRIST

SUGGESTED BY THE PICTURES OF TISSOT

Yet look we for another,—who shall paint  
The Christ of wide creation's growing claim!  
The hope on earth for sinner and for saint,  
Conceived of shifting ages,—yet the same.

Shall art prevail till visible endure  
The self-avenging God, the shepherd's  
star—  
The rod and staff that lead through death  
secure,  
The faith of childhood, manhood's drifting  
spar?

Stupendous task! Unto each soul remains,  
Soft halo'd as befits a spirit guest,

*The Christ*

---

The Christ whose hand struck off his captive-  
chains,  
The hidden daysman of each human  
breast :

The magdalen, the mother, and the nun,  
The fisherman of tossing Galilee—  
The Puritan, the leper, and the son  
Of modern stress in his complexity.

One knew him walking on the waves,—and  
one  
Loved Him the Sabbath morning 'mid the  
corn ;

Another feasting ; some when He had done  
Strange healing,—few, as prophet of the  
thorn.

Wild hearts have met Him in the wilderness  
And more close by, within the city wall,  
Have touched the garment that perchance  
may bless ;—

No fleshly image satisfies us all !

*The Christ*

---

Though quick with love the painted form  
may be,  
“Such Lord, was never mine,” we cry,—  
O then  
Look on the face of friend or foe and see  
God’s masterpiece,—the deathless Christ  
in men!

## THE WRESTLER

The New Year comes—not like the Child of  
glory

To vanquish sin by helpless innocence ;  
No wise men kneel adoring at his manger,  
No virgin breast his tender Providence.

A wanderer from out Time's stormy moun-  
tain,

Untried he comes—across the eastern hills ;  
New grief, new hate, new victory await him—  
His flying track the old year snowflake  
fills.

Far spent the night of hoary shepherd's  
dreaming ;

Arise ! O prostrate worshipers, arise !  
Mark ye with joy the shining feet approaching :  
O sons of men, lift up courageous eyes !

*The Wrestler*

---

Thy naked thigh, anointed, is it supple?  
Gird up thy loins! Art thou Peniel shod?  
Gauge well the lusty sinews of the stranger—  
A wrestler coming forth to thee from God!

Fling thou upon him! Waste no moment's  
vantage,  
Loose not the straining purpose of thy  
thrust—  
Let not thy fist relax to old temptations,  
Nor faint from consciousness that thou art  
dust!

Wrestling for peace, for country, love and  
honor—  
Wrestling alone—in combat for thy soul—  
This be thy cheer should dawnlight worst  
or bless thee,  
Another challenge meets thee at the goal.

## REVELATION

Perhaps instead of that stern Judge conceived  
Of patriarch and seer ; relieved

Of body-trammels, could we see  
The dreaded face of God,—may it not be  
That craving miracles we should but find

Ourselves among the wilful blind ?  
That God from hill and cloud had smiled  
Familiar,—wistful, on his stolid child ;

Resembled strongest in the features  
dear

Of those beloved and cherished near—  
Veiled or revealed within those eyes

That speak our cruelty or sacrifice ;  
Till looking up to some one face above,  
We cry, My God ! I see Thee in my love !

## BENEDICITE

The waves in prostrate worship lie, and cease  
To count the pebbles on their rosary ;  
Over the scourgèd rocks a smile of peace

Deepens the hushed expectancy.

Each small, lost flower lifts her fragrant brow,  
Forgotten flocks turn toward the rosy West ;  
Day drops her anchor off the world—and now  
Awaits her shriving—all her ways confessed.

The patriarchial mountains stand apart,  
Far hills are kneeling ; birds arrest their flight—  
Then the real Presence crowds all Nature's  
heart,

And benediction falls with night.



## THE FAR-AWAY

Oh Far-Away, enchanted Far-Away  
Where Fancy's tired wings are furled,  
Where weary longing finds a world,  
Where sails go down with day ;

What haunting wonders anchor there,  
What colors beat along thy coasts,  
What comradeship of happy ghosts  
Beguile to revels rare !

Oh Far-Away, mysterious as fair—  
What songs we sailors never sung,  
What rainbow visions of the young  
Pervade thy dreamy air ;

*The Far-away*

---

Beyond the serfdom of regret,  
Beyond the despot of Good-bye—  
In whose safe port my Love and I  
Forget we must forget!

## THE SACRED HILLS

The hills our holy Sabbath know,  
Their song a psalm ;  
Behold how calm,  
With strong heads raised their faith to show !

Soft folded hands befit them best,  
Souls wrapt in prayer  
Or vision fair,  
Aspiring hope, abiding rest.

There is no day the ocean keeps,  
It is all change ;  
Behold how strange,  
It sings and dances, mocks and leaps.

*The Sacred Hills*

---

Keen flashing eyes befit it best,  
Hearts throbbing high  
Nor caring why,  
Sparkling motion and savage zest.

The vagrant ocean 'tis that thrills  
The heart of me ;  
My soul, may be,  
Belongs unto the sacred hills.

## THE SADDEST DAY

There came no unaccompanied day  
While she by grief was newly wed,  
For they were each the other's own ;  
Close clasped, uncomforted.  
Until a laugh did first betray  
Her youthful heart ; then sorrow fled  
Leaving her widowed and alone  
Since even grief was dead.

## FORGIVENESS LANE

Forgiveness Lane is old as youth—  
You cannot miss your way ;  
'Tis hedged by flowering thorn forsooth,  
Where white doves fearless stray.

You must walk gently with your love—  
Frail blossoms dread your feet,  
And bloomy branches close above  
Make heaven near and sweet.

Some lovers fear the stile of pride  
And turn away in pain,  
But more have kissed where white doves hide,  
And blessed Forgiveness Lane.

## THERE IS SUCH LOVE

There is such love, my soul knows well,  
Hot as revenge in a heart of hell,  
Colder than justice's frozen brain—  
Sacred as honor and real as pain ;  
Whose days are deep-toned bells that chime  
Up to the stars of a night sublime :  
That is the love I know shall be,  
Quick with the throb of a shoreless sea.

There is such love,—by man's own hope—  
Desire measures the nature's scope,  
Since that we want is our true whole,  
A shadow cast by our naked soul.  
There is such love—'tis passion's rein—  
'Tis heaven to heart, strong wine to brain—  
So kill me hunger, burn me thirst,  
Royal the birth-right you prove me first !

## ALONE

Without thine eyes there is no seeing,  
Beyond thy hearing music dies—  
Robbed of thy heart both life and being  
Faint in their swift flight to the skies!

Mine eyes, heart, soul, their vision giving,  
Creator, Lover, breath of me!  
Without Thee death were but this living,  
Far from Thee life what death must be!



## WAITING

Hills that miss you,  
Pines that whisper you,  
    Days that dawn in vain—  
Brooks that mourn you,  
Paths hard worn for you,  
    By foot-fall of lonely rain ;  
Birds that call you,  
Buds that fall for you,  
    Stars that seek and wane—  
Hands that need you,  
Hearts that plead for you—  
    Pray for your coming again.

## EBB TIDE

If God should draw life's veiling flood away,  
What sights the human beach could show the  
day!

What doubts, what creeping aims, what  
dreams long drowned,

What hopes, like fallen stars, would there be  
found ;

What wreckage where the surface calmly sleeps,  
What shallows where we most had looked  
for deeps.

Strange rocks of cruelty that lie concealed,  
Clad in pale weeds of vice, might rise revealed—  
Where monster habits in their slimy pride  
Through falsehood's clinging brine securely  
glide.

God pity all ; oh, may his own grace hide  
And save our secret souls from such ebb tide !

## SLEEP IS A SEA

Sleep is a sea ; we leave the landmarks of the  
day,

The song of birds, the bells of sheep, and  
drift away.

Sleep is a sea ; the lights fade out along the  
shore,

Across hope's bar the floods of memory pour,  
And now the sweet voice of the night is in  
our ears—

Once out beyond the headland we forget our  
fears,

For out upon the tide the darkness softer  
grows ;

We fix our eyes upon a star, but no one knows

*Sleep is a Sea*

---

The chartless track. Sleep is a sea ; far, far  
the shore—

Good night ! We shall come back to yester-  
day no more,

But following the distant calling of the Deep  
We set our sails and steer down, down to  
drown in sleep.

## THE SEA OF SILENCE

The sea of silence hath a rising tide  
And low the dykes of bold mortality ;  
How cravenly the staunchest walls deride  
Her waves that turn before no boundary !  
Men traffic careless on her shore  
And revel nightly with the swine—  
Only the wasting sand before  
Betrays the menace of her nearing brine.

No saving sail relieves her dumb expanse,  
No valiant swimmer tramples down her  
deeps ;  
Build up your ramparts ! Swift their might  
enhance !  
The sea of silence unobservèd creeps !

*The Sea of Silence*

---

'The strong go down to save the weak,  
Their awe-struck faces float a space—  
Remorseless still her currents seek ;  
Death fears no ebb,—life holds no vantage  
place.

## “AT REST”

Upon a hillside where the sea  
    Enfolds a rocky Northern isle,  
Her lone grave nestles in the lee  
    Of sunset's vague, withdrawing smile.

The late wild roses bend to frame  
    Their sleeping sister's last bequest—  
Only her simple woman's name ;  
    The legend on her stone, “At Rest.”

The gull's wild welcome to the dawn,  
    The wren's near song encircle her ;  
White ships troop noiseless and are gone ;  
    Deep falls the shadow of the fir.

*At Rest*

---

How oft 'mid toil and mockery,  
Long leagues from that assurance blest,  
Envy and pity strive with me  
For her transporting fate "At Rest!"



THE BROTHERHOOD OF  
SILENCE

Oh Brotherhood of Silence! Holy Alps!  
That girded in the patient ages stand  
To give thy rugged ministries to man,  
Or rapt as saints beneath thy white cowls see  
The ways of force take hold on mystery!  
Partakers of the Spirit, lone,—austere—  
Round whose high altar clings the shriven  
mist—

What vow hath leagued ye thus against all  
Time?

For whose sure coming lift ye up a prayer?  
What penances have scourged thy sides?

For sin  
Escaped ye to the wilderness of air?

*The Brotherhood of Silence*

---

And by what promises are ye sustained,  
Whose frozen hymn invades the Winter stars?  
Across thy brows the wind's wing lifts the hoar  
All unrebuked; the harebells trust thy feet.  
Rigid repose,—tranquility supreme!  
Of thy Creator's fingers the remote  
And shining mark! Oh Silent Brotherhood  
With Thee be consolation of thy peace!  
The Alps within us hail Thee, Alps without!  
Ye comrades, prophets of eternity!

## BEFORE THE DAWN

I wander silent, unconfessed of joy,  
Whose heart-throbs all too loud for safety  
    seem ;  
Lest I should Love's enchanted sleep destroy  
Nor bear my bliss o'er confines of a dream.

As children gather flowers rare all night—  
    But laughing wake themselves in morning  
    land,  
To find their fingers empty of delight,  
Or just a sunbeam lying on their hand !

## AT NIGHT

The marvel of a thousand nights is out upon  
the sea,

The chorus of a thousand years is crying up  
to me.

The longing of a world of souls in ignorance  
of Why,

Demands an answer to the pain in which we  
live and die ;

While rising, groaning, falling,—in its temple  
of the night,

The mighty dervish,—pagan sea,—performs  
its solemn rite !

# TO CLEOPATRA'S MUMMY

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

Beauty deceitful and favor vain !

Can it be for this twisted sack of bones  
Legends of passion were writ in pain,  
And lustful monarchs forgot their thrones?  
Be these the mangled wages of sin ?

Did the tiger crouch in this shrunken frame?  
Could her silken sails and cohorts win  
No haughtier fate for a storied name ?

Do dreams recall her those poisoned slaves,  
Whose torment instructed her sultry charms  
To walk seductive the way of graves

From Antony's pillow to Death's grim arms?  
Stolid she turns but a crumbling ear ;

She who was more than a Pagan's heaven?  
Egypt as Ichabod moulders here,—

“ Number six thousand eight hundred and  
seven ! ”

## THE COST OF JOY

The cost of joy is joy ; for in the sea  
A brook no longer may an idler be ;  
The ocean lifts her ships and bears them on,—  
Our sweet old hillside troubadour is gone.

The cost of joy is joy ; June brings the rose ;  
But clad in tears the violet springtime goes ;  
The rose of passion with her hot red breath,  
Is love's first silent messenger to death.

The cost of joy is joy ; suns fright the moon ;  
The rainbow hope dissolves in truth's high  
noon ;  
To-day costs yesterday in heart and brain,—  
Immortal life, the sum of earthly gain.

## WORDS

As sturdy Pilgrims planted restless corn  
To wave concealing o'er their murdered  
braves,  
We hide with careless words our secret  
graves,  
Lest silence bare a hope forlorn.

## L I F E

To live is only this—

To feel the tragic passion of the sea,

To crave some answer from the soul's abyss,

And from the hills surmise our destiny!

To live is only this.



## INCOMPLETION

With straining hearts we lean towards Spring—

A month, a day, a week between

Us and the shadow of her wing.

We sense her heart-beat, she is here !

Her broidered foot-print on the green,

The glamor of her starting sheen,

Hope's slow consent to Fear.

For lo ! Life does not fly to greet

Her soft approach ; nor melt before

The healing of her magic sweet.

Soon summer birds will o'er us sing—

While we stand yearning as of yore ;

Ah, man's delight did covet more !

Some unguessed happening.

*Incompletion*

---

By violet and oriole—

By lilac, then by lark she plights ;

Her faith an ever-changing goal.

Beyond caress, beyond recall,

Fulfilment's bond she but requites,

When her white days and fragrant nights

Are far forgot in golden Fall.

## TO MEMORY

Regret—with purple passion flowers in her  
hair,

Holding the deadly night-shade to her lips,  
Smiling the cast-off smile that weary dreamers  
wear—

To Memory!—a deathless love pledge  
sips.

## REALITY

These are my scales to weigh reality—  
A dream, a chord, a longing, love of Thee.  
Real as the violets of April days  
Or those soft-hid in unfrequented ways,  
Real as the noiseless tune to which we tread  
The measure we by life's old song are led ;  
Real as man's wonder what his soul may be—  
A guest for time or for eternity.  
Real as the ocean, seen alas ! no more,  
Whose tide still beats along my heart's in-  
shore.

These are my scales to weigh reality—  
A chord, a dream, a longing, love of Thee !

## CONTENT

I never saw a sea-mew flit wet-breasted o'er the  
main ;

But home birds skim the daisy fields and  
splash upon the grain.

I never sailed the Arctic seas where frozen  
perils lie ;

My icebergs are but thunder heads piled  
in an August sky.

I never saw the phosphorus gleam where  
midnight vessels pass ;

My ocean is a meadow green with fire-flies  
in the grass.

## LOVE AND PITY

Love called and Pity answered, for she fain  
With her white soul would win him peace  
again.

But when Love heard his own and smote  
her pale disguise,  
She found that she alone did bar his paradise.

## ILLUSION

A Daffodil—capricious chance—  
Was heavy with the dew,  
When bending low his haughty head,  
Still gazed on skies of blue.

A Violet felt a golden thrill,  
And thinking him the sun,  
Loved all her heart up ; to fulfill  
A life for love begun.

Thus rapt, they lived an April day ;  
At night a late frost sped  
And took them both her shining way—  
In Love's illusion wed.

## U N S U N G

The hills and valleys of the heart  
    No voice will ever plumb ;  
Joy outstrips breath on rushing wing ;  
    Grief-stricken lips are dumb.

There is no chart of ecstasy,  
    No plummet of despair ;  
Men do not measure as they drown  
    Or scale a vision fair.



## S U S P E N S E

The future wears its helmet down ;  
I fight and pray with scanty breath,—  
No smile betrays, no tear nor frown,  
But white at heart I feel 'tis Death !

## U N A N S W E R E D

I wanted you when skies were red !  
    And now the sky is gray,  
I thought of you when shadows fled,  
    Now falls the end of day.  
I called you when the hills were flame !  
    And now the hills are bare ;  
I sought you when the snowflakes came,  
    And now the swallows pair.

## LIMITATION

When listening birds and silent bees  
And hillsides blazing golden flame,  
And Summer winds in Autumn trees  
The waning year proclaim,—

I long in some illumined way  
To be of Nature's soul a part,  
Uplifted with the yellow day  
Close to her glowing heart.

Like angel-songs when souls go free,—  
Too faint to reach those left below,  
October glory hungers me,  
Eludes my senses slow.

*Limitation*

---

Can it be God for whom I strive,  
Perfection's smile for which I strain,  
That face no man may see alive  
In joy or sacred pain?

Perhaps far Falls when I am dead—  
I shall grasp all I could not know  
Here with the birds and Autumn red,  
So long, so long ago.

## MEMORY

The present time is like a nearer sail ;  
    Fretted and torn and soiled with stormy  
        tears—  
Anchored far out beyond recalling hail  
    All sails look white across the sea of years !

## HAPPINESS

No miracle, but faithful daily bread  
Is happiness ; whereon our hearts are fed  
From our own hand.

A present goal, some glad, unhopéd surprise  
That folded 'neath a dark horizon lies,  
In this near land.

A passing quiver born of morning light,  
The pain of yesterday subdued to-night—  
A sudden smile.

Rest after toil, a home on some dear breast,  
So old the joys, so various the quest,  
That life beguile.



## JEALOUSY

They dwelt together,—Love and Fear ;  
Ah, curse so sweetly wed,  
This night you die ! I killed it dear,—  
But Love lay with the dead.



## REMEMBERING

There fell a night when Winter fires  
    Made dear content within,  
When we first touched the mysteries  
    Where Self and Love begin.

There rose a day when trees first guessed  
    Their shadows passing fair,  
When I first called you by your name,  
    As saints might breathe a prayer.

There burned a noon, when turning from  
    The splendor of the sky,  
I first dared wed your soul with mine—  
    Would God had passed us by!

*Remembering*

---

But over all the sunset flares  
That tore the heavens wide,  
When turning up your starry face—  
You kissed my lips and died.

## THE SONG OF A SOUL

My tenderest thoughts I never spoke,  
My bitterest tears went all unshed ;  
My love of Nature never woke  
A fitting word till I was dead.

Now joy of winds and azure hill  
Is mine ; swept on Forever's tide  
I soar, I sing, I love you still.  
For this I glory to have died !

I am the song I never sang,  
Triumphant doth my spirit ride !  
Let Spring her every banner hang  
On this, my soul's brave Eastertide.

## DO WE FORGIVE

Do we forgive or do we but forget  
When many crescent moons have filled and  
set?

Do we exonerate the heart of blame  
And reconcile for pity's sake the shame ;  
Do we forgive ?

Indifferent to sin,  
When wrath burns out does charity begin ?  
Do we forgive because we know too well  
That easy snare by which the angels fell,  
Because our eyes with newer tears are wet,  
Our faces turned to fairer conquest yet,—  
Do we forgive ?

Oh nagging conscience cease !  
“ As much as lieth in you live in peace ! ”  
Do we forgive ?

Nay, most of us forget !

## THE MYSTERY OF MAY

I knew the trees would leaf and hedge-rows  
bloom this year—

But failing Him, I hardly dream they will  
return ;

For they were each unto His forest-heart so  
dear

That surely they will sigh and listen till  
they learn

The silent winter-way His life has lately gone;  
And shaken by the strangeness of so drear  
a May—

Still seeking Him, will follow on ; a lorn  
And baffled company in green array.

*The Mystery of May*

---

He never did so late out-sleep the birds  
before!

It seems that even now the spring must  
guess—

One spirit lost she never can restore ;  
The awful secret of her loneliness.

## IN PRAISE OF MARCH

March is the bud of June ; brown pastures  
omen herds—

Willows whisper roses, bare branches beckon  
birds.

To dally with your fate, to hover ere you light,  
Yet know to-morrow sure as daybreak's tryst  
with night—

Is rare felicity. Ah rose your bloom delay !  
Nor bare your golden heart,—perfection  
hails decay.

To wait for bliss is best, a sea of seas away,  
To meet her is to pass and solitary stray !

## MAY

It snowed a blossom storm last night,  
A hurricane of bloom ;  
Lost in a drift of petals white  
May dies for fruit and June.



## GOOD-BY

A passing wind, an empty sea,  
The sky grown wide and pale ;  
A sun gone down in memory—  
Eastward an out-bound sail.

## SEPTEMBER

The wind blew over Pelham hills  
And caught the yellow maple trees ;  
They lifted just as canvas fills  
On ships that greet a breeze.  
Oh golden boats in ether blue,  
Whose sailor birds the rigging run,  
A homesick heart would ship with you  
To voyage beyond the sun.

## YELLOW AND GRAY

At twilight the sun flashed clear  
In a world of gray ;  
My heart lit a hope for next year  
In a grim to-day.

## A WINTER WIND

The wind is a wandering shepherd bold—  
No storm so wild, no path so steep,  
But hurrying off in the darkness cold  
He is herding his snow-flake sheep.

## A VIOLET

'Tis not a flower to wear, and fade, and show—  
Nor signify as bolder blossoms do,  
Meeting and parting, love or faith,—ah no!  
'Tis but a tear that rose at thought of you.

## INDIAN SUMMER

The sun slants warm through empty fields  
Whose crops are harvested serene,  
Where memory her echo yields  
Of Spring's quick pulse and tender green.

The spurnèd bough reveals the path  
Her bird has flown ; as unaware  
A gentle sense of aftermath,—  
Renunciation fills the air.

Only the hawk of silver sails  
Darkens the wingless Autumn sky,  
Whose boding shadow flits and fails  
As human portents rise and die.

*Indian Summer*

---

Nature is resting ; brooding deep  
Her shortening hours silent run ;  
Craving the peace of her white sleep,  
Surrounded by old duties done.

With chastened hopes to sober joys full  
grown,  
How oft like her the aged sit apart,  
Within a mellow season of their own ;  
Sweet Indian Summer of the heart !

## SUMMER'S WILL

These are the clauses of Summer's will—  
To Autumn, a languorous haze to fill  
    Valley and mountain with vague regret  
    For her whose beauty they cannot forget.  
To Mortals, maples whose colors dare  
Till scarlet Flamingoes seem nesting there ;  
    Also a river woven in gold,  
    Where willows murmur their stories old ;  
Treasures of golden rod, troops of corn  
And sumach torches out-heralding dawn.  
    To Heaven, lest day despair too soon  
    The silvery horn of her harvest moon.  
To Wondering Cattle, pastures green  
Rivalling May in their transient sheen ;  
    All her black crows to the lonely Pines.  
    To Stragglng Fences, her madcap vines ;



*Summer's Will*

---

But to the Ocean only her tears,  
Tempests of parting and desolate fears.  
    Sealed in witch hazel, filed in frost,  
    To the witnessing winds 'twas all but tossed  
When she smiled a gentian codicil,—  
“ My love to the roadside under the hill ! ”

## SUMMER'S ASCENSION

Queen Summer climbed the lofty hills, she  
would not wait to die—

But like a Viking lit her ship and burnt  
into the sky!

The balsams knelt along the shore to see  
Her Highness pass;

Her yellow ribbons decked the birch, her  
scarlet robe the grass.

The mourning wind's autumnal chant hung  
over all the lands,

In solitary mass the ocean lifted prayerful  
hands.

She turned upon the highest height to  
gleam a last farewell;

The sunset is her royal grave—the hush  
her passing bell.

## IN AUGUST CLOUDS

The barge of Cleopatra seems to swim be-  
fore my eyes—

Her lifted prow drifts questioning across  
the Summer skies,

Guided by swaying wraiths bowed billow-wise,  
Waked by pursuivant forms of stealthy  
hordes in Roman guise.

Listen ! Faint ears may find

No chorus save the wind

Upon a piney crag far underneath ; but unto  
me

Above the lapping waves—

Floats laughter, song of slaves,

The hail of Caesar to Mark Antony ;

Lute strings and revelry from some surmised,  
forgotten sea—

Some azure strand where bides this phantom  
masque of legendry !

## IN NOVEMBER

Where groups of mountain pines lift low  
Their dusky forms like mosques against  
the sky,

Above whose domes the lonely crow  
Keeps Autumn vows in mystic circles high—  
Is hid a road, where one can hear  
The slowing heart-beat of the waiting hills ;  
Whose wintry angelus is near,  
And all the dell's enchanted traffic stills.

The cautious rabbit can no foe discern,  
Where, mid the thicket tangles deep,  
The restless brook, green-pillowed on a fern,  
Wanders the leisure way of sleep.

*In November*

---

There, blending foot-fall with the leaves,  
The wind repines for that which is no more ;  
And twilight fond her web of sunbeam weaves,  
To lure the ghost of Summer through the  
hoar.

Oft have I kept a lover's tryst  
With vague expectance of requital near,  
Till down the purple valley mist  
Lengthen the heavy shadows of the year.  
Now the deep forest hush is brewed—  
Repose unbroken by belated wing,  
Within whose conscious solitude  
Lingers the haunting elegy of Spring.

## BITTERSWEET

The Autumn tragedy is played,  
A misty curtain pale rung down,  
The debts of Summer's masquerade  
Fall due in pensive gray and brown.

But where the brook still hoarsely sings,  
Like some fantastic posture girl  
The Bittersweet her figure flings—  
While moonbeams in a ballet twirl!

## WHITE BIRCHES

Dare not the shadows of a hooded road  
That lures thy step within a certain wood,  
Where nightfall makes her chosen lone abode  
And Nature's faithful children find her  
good ;  
For 'mid the properness of greenery,  
Where weary days outstretched in slumber  
lie—  
Darkness and dreams in sober wedlock be  
Hushed decorous beneath a Summer sky—  
Flaunt the White Birches, mocking ways of  
sleep ;  
Wakeful and eager for thy pleasuring,  
Their white feet turned to forest revels deep—  
Their white arms waving wistful—beck-  
oning !

*White Birches*

---

Daughters of joy ! To whose remote embrace  
Young moons prefer their silver gallantries,  
And roaming night winds lay a tender face,—  
Soft indiscretions, shamed by blameless  
trees !

However steadfast beat his blood, and be he  
loath or be he fain—  
Who once hath trembled after these, down  
paths of dusk will seek again  
Their youth illumined witcheries !  
For leafy measures trod in gauze,—elusive  
laughter, elfin sighs,—  
No mortal venturing his troth but will wear  
moonshine in his eyes,  
Fee to his sisters of the moth who flit at eve  
in sylvan guise.



## A SPRING BACCHANAL

Lay thy fresh lips to mine, white soul of  
Spring!

O'er my face all thy blowing love-locks fling.

Where azure skies in secret earthward lean,

Till violet memories haunt the green;

I come to meet Thee—breathe thy perfumed  
song—

The glooms of Wintry waiting were too long!

But now all sense of time or old regret

Are lost in Thee;—forgive if eyes be wet,—

Waiting is tender work if bliss is sure;

Yet how her heartless tyrannies endure,

When over neighboring hills one hears

Fulfilment's horn, as breathless rapture nears!

*A Spring Bacchanal*

---

What other lover hath a step of flight,  
Or arms enfolding soft as Summer night !  
    Be still each thought, I will but feel awhile—  
    Lost in the dearer heaven of a smile ;  
As happy flowers lift them to the sun,  
Or mated birds when nesting is begun.

What other lover sways a court so sweet !  
Days full of blossoms kneeling at my feet,  
    And starry retinues all clad in gold—  
    That with the secrets of the dark unfold,  
To guard the dreamless slumber of the air  
Above the heart of Beauty lying bare.

Soft droops my head where often it hath lain ;  
Such deep consenting doth thy grace obtain,  
    No more could night the blood of dawn  
    control,  
    Than I from thy delight refuse my soul.  
Oh, Youth Eternal—stay thy gleaming wing !  
Oh, Love Immortal—Thou alone art Spring !

## THE PINES

Brothers of dark, whose green glooms fold  
away

A solemn love of stars from dawn's harsh  
sight—

Their tall peaks drowse and dream all day,  
Of reaching heaven perchance at night!

## NOON-DAY

Now falleth Noon-day hot upon the fields—  
Her heavy head upon the languid breast  
Of respite sinks desireless, oppressed.  
Beneath her sultry gaze the fir tree yields  
Her dark content ; no lurking shadow shields  
The Queen of Summer in her swoon of rest—  
Reposeful, dreamless, indolence possessed,  
A passive slavery her spirit wields.  
The wayside flowers wide their petals flare—  
Bodeth no ill on breathless sky or sea,  
Sated with silence throbs the liquid air ;  
Teeming with over-ripe maturity  
Swells the gold calyx of the Autumn there,  
Mistress of Nature's lavish luxury.

## NOONING

The empty clatter of midnight cars—  
A flare of gas jets, the noise of feet,  
And scowling up to the Winter stars  
The open trench of a city street.

The swinging pick and the bending backs  
Hunger and thirst have at last "laid off,"  
While men drop down on the heaving tracks  
To munch like pigs at a common trough.

'Mid pounding hoofs and pestilent smells  
The surging traffic of sleepless night—  
The song and rattle of gambling hells—  
The trailing yell of a parted fight ;

*Nooning*

---

Drugged with weariness, dogged with toil,  
Littered with torches and spades they lie ;  
Stalwart and sickly sons of the soil,  
A text for the careless passer-by !

Stretching cramped limbs,—hear them sigh  
and swear—  
Made in the mould of our God, we think !  
Too heavy laden for aught to care  
But the nickle's worth of fiery drink !

A tattered "extra,"—a bluff at fun—  
A meagre pipe ; then a whistle's call,—  
Each to his feet ere the stroke of one  
Till dawn and the Boss shall end it all !

But under more than one swarthy hide  
There thrusts a memory sweet and dim,  
Of sunny hay fields and by his side  
A woman who once belonged to him.

*Nooning*

---

The frugal joy of his shining pail,  
The prick of grass on his elbow bare—  
The stream's cool mouth,—and a tiny wail  
From a haycock cradle scented rare.

Passing vision! swift reprieve—  
A mate's rough kick and the spell is by!  
Then into the trench to hack and heave,  
Cursing his dream of a Summer sky.

## SUN TO MOUNTAIN

Because thine head is lifted up above  
The foot hills crouching at men's feet,  
Upon thy brow I set my changeless love.  
Sunrise shall wake Thee first,—sunset  
repeat  
My golden blessing from the distant West ;  
Till stars dispute protection of thy rest.



## A MIRACLE

Swathed in grave clothes of clinging mist  
For three days dead the mountains lay ;  
Their brows by loving winds unkissed  
Entombed in clouds of endless grey.  
At twilight as a holy priest  
The sun in sacramental rays  
Came forth to bless the mourning East ;  
Beneath whose strong and peaceful gaze  
The mighty sleepers straightway woke  
From brotherhood of ghosts and night,  
Through rainbow death dews smiling broke,  
And rose in resurrection light.

## THE WATERFALL

When birds are hushed and winds be journey  
worn ;

Listen ! Across the forest sleep is borne  
The white voice of the waterfall, that flings  
Her song unto the night from moonlit wings  
Whose iridescent feathers mark her flight  
Off her lone nest on some far craggy height !

## AT HIGH TIDE

Oh shining slaves that must forever bend !  
Accursed waves that must forever strain !  
What power draws thee, drives thee without  
end  
Along a pathway beautiful as vain ?

Did'st thou betray the Goddess Moon above,  
To be imprisoned thus in green unrest ?  
Compelled to follow in enchanted love  
The magic vengeance of her jealous breast ?

Did'st thou once lift thyself in praise  
divine,  
To be thus chained to her idolatry—  
Condemned in sight of Heaven still to pine  
In adoration of futility ?

*At High Tide*

---

Oh shining slaves that must forever bend !  
Accursed waves that must forever strain !  
What power drives thee, draws thee without  
end  
Along a pathway beautiful as vain ?

## VIOLETS

Returning Violets ! How strong thy perfumes  
bring

The throb of passions past recall !

The ashes of immortal Spring  
Will smoulder on within thy fragile urn  
Though Love's blue flame in darkness fall—  
Her signal torches cease to burn.

Thou art the spirit's flower, sole by earth  
possess't,

Holy enough for Paradise !

Sad lovers lay thee on the breast  
Of those by fairer visions kiss't—  
Who soft enamored raise their eyes  
To that twelfth gate of amethyst.

*Violets*

---

' Back to the sunny Agora, in fragrant thrall,  
Where Athens lifts her purple brow  
O'er Violet girls that call  
Thy wistful bloom, thou waftest me ;  
Love's classic garland still art thou—  
The very breath of poesy.

Thy colors tint the joy of childhood's vagrant  
lanes,  
And hue the hills of old delight ;  
Tranced by the ichor in thy veins,  
Again I see a comrade's face  
Upturned to birds in dizzy flight—  
And life's long afternoon retrace !

## HAUNTED

Sleeping or sleepless,—all the night  
    One dream bewitched of odors sweet,  
One dream of lilies clad in light—  
    Compels my spirit to their feet !  
Of tall white lilies,—faint and frail,  
    Whose breath beguiles to an abyss  
Of midnight heaven, to inhale  
    Once more the moon's delaying kiss.

I know not if their perfumes deep  
    Glad any other garden dim,  
But down a lover's path of sleep  
    They ever wake and watch for him !  
Oh tall white lilies clad in light !  
    Ghosts of remembered paradise,  
Sleeping or sleepless, all the night  
    I bear thee on my eyes !

## SOME HEARTS

Some hearts are tempted in the glare of life—  
And others by sweet reckless love ;  
Some stake for glory, in their strife  
Casting themselves and God above.  
More,—fainting,—turn like monks and nuns,  
Not to forgetful cloisters grey  
Whose loveless form the sunbeam shuns,—  
But back to Nature's boundless way ;  
Where, breathing deep of silence,—half a  
prayer,—  
Rust sheathes the sword beyond the call  
to arms,  
And hot blood cools in her dim forests fair  
As wind-loved sails, betrayed by coward  
calms.



## CALVARY

To bear alone beneath the stars of Palestine,  
Was task divine ;  
To bear as dogged Sparta bore,—trium-  
phantly,  
Man's mastery ;  
To bear,—and groaning win a fainting heart  
relief,  
Is common grief ;  
To laugh and bear, lifting unmoved a care-  
less face  
Upon the curious and thwarted populace,  
Frail women dare !

## THINE EYES

Thine eyes still draw my soul unto thine own—  
Although our hands have strangers grown  
And lips have never dearer known ;  
Thine eyes all other loves dethrone,  
Thine eyes with passion flowers sown !

All that the tyranny of life denies—  
Heart-broken vows, unvoiced replies,  
Visions that swift forbidden rise—  
Live in the nearness of thine eyes ;  
Thine eyes too tender to be wise !

## BEFORE

To love for some is just content,  
Just human heaven,—nothing more ;  
For others just a sacrament,  
A keeping holy vows they swore.

For me 'tis heaven 'neath a spell,  
'Tis starving, sating, vision-sore ;  
And always in the face of hell,  
Lest life be as it was,—before !

## HIS TALISMAN

Unto a child at bedtime  
    The comfort of his toy,  
Unto a King in exile,  
    A diadem for joy ;  
Unto my heart for courage  
    Whate'er my peril be,  
God grant the hidden solace—  
    One heart exalteth me !

## LOVE'S EXIGENCE

The spell that held my wings against the sky  
Whose upper blue is deep as revelations be,  
Is broken now that she is gone ;  
The rival songs of flight are all too high—  
The jubilee of self is lost to me  
Among the choristers of dawn !

How God must love—to love her more than I,  
Who never counted God before—I swear !  
But men who love and part must pray ; nor  
dare  
They squander one chance hope for some  
reply.

Would he who fashioned her not intercede  
To grant her joy from stress or mortal pain,

*Love's Exigence*

---

When arms of flesh burn hot through  
joint and vein,  
To raise a stronghold for her spirit's need ?

Ah, if men call me sanctified they lie !  
The jealous fright of love far off descries  
Fate weaving treacheries with blindfold  
eyes—  
While God's solicitude my vigils buy.

Almighty Love ! surround, lift up thine own !  
That Sundered hands may meet across lone  
worlds in thine ;  
If love like ours did blaspheme Thee,  
Take thy revenge—for both let me atone.  
Only for her turn water into wine,  
Thou God of Love's necessity !

## MY LOVER

The wind swept over a sail clad sea,  
Tossing the ships aside,  
Worthing the gulls in its flight to me ;  
My arms I opened wide.

It bent me in its rough desire,  
Wreathed kisses in my hair ;  
My heart grew clean as whitest fire,  
My soul blown pure as air.

Wandering lover, your breath in mine,  
Your strength in my failing will—  
Your very self like life's red wine  
My being seems to fill !

## CROSS-WAYS

One said, " I love you,—come to me !  
However short the afterward may be,  
Though justice, envy, scorn of men agree :  
Love that has mocked at death our lives shall  
    sway,  
Alone, how worthless an eternal day ! "

One prayed, " I love you,—beg you go !  
Then drag the afterward however slow,  
Well purity and mercy know  
There is a passion of restraint that saves—  
Mighty as that which dies when it enslaves ! "



## HER MUSIC

(ÜBERSELIG)

It trembled off the keys,—a parting kiss  
So sweet, the angel slept upon his sword  
As through the gate of Paradise we swept—  
Partakers of creation's primal bliss!

—The air was heavy with the breath  
Of violets and love till death.

Forgetful of eternal banishment—  
Deep down the dusk of passion-haunted ways  
Lost in the dreaming alchemies of tone—  
Drenched in the dew no other wings frequent,  
—Our thirsting hearts drank in the breath  
Of violets and love in death.

*Her Music*

---

There was no world, no flesh, no bound'ry  
line—

Spirit to spirit, chord and dissonance—

Beyond the jealousy of space or time

Her life in one low cry broke over mine.

—The waking angel drew a shuddering  
breath

Of violets and love and death !

## W R E C K E D

No one dreamed of a wreck that night,  
A hundred miles from sea ;  
The moon hung high her signal light  
Above the lilac tree.

The tides of youth were hardly turned,  
There was no warning frown  
On Heaven's face,—while undiscerned  
An out-bound heart went down !

Oh sweet old-fashioned garden balms—  
A hundred miles from sea,  
How treacherous thy Summer calms !  
Mirage of memory.

THE WORDS WE DO NOT  
SAY

Deeper than chords that search the soul and  
die ;—

Mocking to ashes color's hot array ;

Closer than touch,—within our hearts they  
lie—

The words we do not say !

THE NIGHT MY SWEET-  
HEART DIED

I seemed alone in unknown worlds  
The night my Sweetheart died,—  
The stars hung in the tree tops dark  
Her out-bound soul to guide ;  
The wind strayed through the orchard calm  
And laughing down the stream  
Came echoes of a bird song,  
Bewildered in a dream.  
Alone I waited,—unaware,—  
Close by the gate of death,  
While heaven turned her face away  
And Summer held her breath ;  
The drowsy roses, cheek on cheek,  
Forgot the chilling dew,

*The Night My Sweetheart Died*

---

The hours at their silent watch  
Were undismayed and true ;  
Till morning's shining horn at last  
Blew earth awake again  
And found my heart a homeless waif  
On foreign shores of pain.

## HER GRAVE

Since each spot where we parted upon earth is  
    dear,  
And since our bravest, fondest parting met us  
    here—  
I bring the changing flowers that her grave be  
    dressed  
As fits the chamber last by her possessed.  
Finite can follow infinite but to this stile ;  
Good-night then, Love—a blessed afterwhile !

## THE SPIRE

In dumb perfection stands the spire,  
Lone watcher of the night ;  
No frozen vigils ever tire  
This steadfast acolyte.  
Baptised in Dawn's supernal fire—  
It serves the Great White Throne,  
And all the stars in Heaven's choir  
Pray for their saint in stone.



## A PRIEST'S PRAYER

Over the dim confessional cried  
    Father Amatus—cloistered young—  
Dropping his rosary by his side,  
    Careless where his crucifix swung.

“I have been priest since—an endless when !  
    Sat by the living, consoled the dead,  
Fasted and prayed for women and men—  
    Fed the poor with my daily bread.

The wind blows cold—how the snow flakes  
    creep !

I will sin one sin ere past recall,  
Lest life should faint in this pallid sleep ;  
    Kiss me, Jessica—Once for all !”

FROM CARMENCITA'S RO-  
SARY

Mother, thou holy Mother! bend to me  
For Raphael's bold sake so far away;  
Let him no lips of fresher color see,  
And for no other sweetheart pray!

Dear Mother, let the angels round him keep  
Their silent watch—men angels, Mother—  
lest  
He grow enamored in the land of sleep—  
So false a lover's heart at best.

O, Virgin Mary! should eyes dark as mine  
Kindle their wicked flames before his sight—  
Loose on his head anathemas divine,  
And curse him with thy sacred might!

*From Carmencita's Rosary*

---

Mother of Sorrows—I have danced to death  
The hot-red roses, crimson on my breast!  
Few maids there be would raise such weary  
breath,  
To magnify thee ere they rest!

But I thy meek and pious child have been,  
And at thy shrine have ever bent my knee;  
So listen now and grant, O Heaven's Queen!  
My chaste petition unto thee.

IT DOTH NOT YET AP-  
PEAR

Why pine and weep and for his sake rebel,  
Shut out by that last door of silence we  
Would see him ope immortal ! Let it be !  
Nor fray our youth his future to foretell ;  
He lives while we fight where he valiant fell !  
Our conflict sentenced by his stern decree,  
He lives to arm us in his majesty—  
While we construe his rigid purpose well.  
But if we later-comers fail—he dies ;  
Finding no heritage beyond his grave—  
Enough of present resurrection lies  
Within our mortal hands his work to save !  
Rob not the dead ; oh, swift immortalize  
Him in the daily canon of the brave !

“HE CAME UNTO HIM-  
SELF”

The wilted husks do mock my hollow sides—

The harlot's laugh is drowned in drunken  
sleep,

My doubt if love exists, derides

The faith that will persistent creep !

I came unto myself! Long leagues lay  
steep

Between me and that brother I de-  
spised,

Whose acquiescent love of sheep

Won the sweet flocks I never prized.

Long leagues to go! Already I am there!

For come unto myself, my Father's breath

*“ He Came unto Himself ”*

---

Burns on my breast as did he bear  
Me from the rot of shameful death.  
Not by the rioting of shrunken years,  
Not by the deeds of open blame,  
Shall I be judged,—but through glad  
tears  
As in Hope’s vision swift I came  
Unto myself! So weak of will and knees;  
Spent with excess,—I may not reach his fold,  
Nor hear, save as I hear it now, the seas  
That wash against our distant mountains  
bold.  
Yet I am there! I see the stricken  
face  
My wandering has blanched; I will  
arise!  
And seek the prodigal’s embrace  
That in Love’s own far country lies!

## A HOUSE OF CARDS

With creeping breath, and cheek whose flush  
betrays

The patient passion of controlled intent,  
Our woman's palace card by card we raise—  
To fall before the careless step of one  
Who overlooks our ministries ; so bent  
On love,—he cannot heed her work un-  
done !

## A QUESTION

Should you recall some long-lost sin to-night,  
Would your shamed eyes avoid the light  
So glorifying later years,  
For that sin's sake ?  
Or would you turn your scoffing face away  
And to your world-worn spirit say,  
“ Mere youthful folly washed in tears  
What heart need break ? ”  
Which condemnation finds the heart to-night,  
Lingers that far off sin in black or white ?



## BENEATH THE HILLS

TO E. D.

From the unshadowed Autumn afternoon  
The dawn-enraptured dead have turned  
away ;

Absence alone companions me, as with  
The dwellers of forgetfulness I stray.

This same forsaken calm my spirit wrapped  
When fixed in death's absorbed intent you  
lay ;

So unresponsive to my love I knew  
Your soul was with your dreams not with  
your clay !

*Beneath the Hills*

---

If one should find his need a phraseless prayer,  
Standing alone,—an exile set apart—  
Perhaps that unknown God would comprehend  
Who chose the symbol of a broken heart.

Strange, that a cross should be love's troth!  
But no,  
Love is redemption if a love divine  
Lift love above the myrtle and the bay,  
Sharing its immortality with mine.

Since death first found man out no hour is  
sure!  
Too easy lies the path unto his door,  
Which trodden once,—betrayed security  
Like some disturbèd bird will trust no more.

From those far mansions of inheritance  
Upon the childhood of to-day shall we,—  
Maturergrown—cast back a hallowed thought,  
And pity Love as Love was wont to be?

*Beneath the Hills*

---

My mind is but a battle-field whereon  
Insurgent thoughts do war, repressed in vain;  
Fierce clamoring for reason's overthrow,  
Till dreams renew the bivouac of pain!

If I be dreaming overlong the dream!  
I sicken for the waking! Round my head  
The Spring's renascent wonders glorify  
An unfamiliar world—when life is dead.

The wistful South wind for a fonder clime  
Searches and shivers; swift estranged the joy  
Of lone communings, solitary ways—  
The pensive vagrancy of youth's employ.

Yet,—yet love has no end! When halting feet  
Distrust their guide, are there not steady  
wings  
To find the harbor of those phantom sails,  
That seek no more the coast of mortal  
Springs?

*Beneath the Hills*

---

How many centuries have eager strode,  
Only to pause at this same narrow gate ;  
Whose moss-grown hinge ne'er turns for  
baffled touch,  
Whose portal wears no light for those who  
wait ?

God-haunted tenant of the fleshly frame,  
Cry out against the ignorance of dust !  
Until some wrestling prisoner prevail  
To break these earthly bars of life and lust !

The same old burden ages younger hearts,  
The tragic problem wearies childish wills ;  
While old beginnings press to unreached ends,  
Beneath the calm endurance of the hills.

All passed, all gone their restless, vital way,  
Both those who heard and they who spoke  
the while ;

Those by bereavement torn and those swift  
seized—

Who joyed not in the milestone but the mile.

*Beneath the Hills*

---

Those who remember are remembered soon ;  
Perished as vaguely as the smoke which  
stands

For friendly cheer and ruddy hearth to-night—  
To-morrow black or lit by alien hands !

Labor and hunger here lie down to sleep—  
Swept is the dwelling, void of hope or fear ;  
Vanished the tyranny of human aims,  
Darkened the moon of man's reflected  
sphere.

And yet your proud identity remains,  
Discreet and lowly neighborhood of God ;  
What mother mourns a universal babe ?  
What lover stoops to kiss a common sod ?

I will not have thee different in death !  
Be vested dim in shadow drapery,  
Or rugged comrade of the wholesome light—  
Thou art love's own,—and love will follow  
thee !

*Beneath the Hills*

---

How strange that it could stranger seem to  
meet  
Thee now! That life would reel and  
mystify  
To see thy mounted figure gallant spurn  
Our upland pastures,—left behind to  
die!

Though Spring all-henceward of thy waking  
fail,  
Oh hardier brother of the brier-rose,—  
Drawing her russet curtains round thy bed,  
The Fall is pillow for thy sure repose.

Where I have watched the ferns go down the  
year  
In green, and clamber back in brown,—the  
bloom  
Leap in the coppice,—trickle through the  
dell,  
And sink into November's cloister gloom.

*Beneath the Hills*

---

The sedgey roadsides and the wooded slopes  
Do all preserve their sudden loneliness ;  
Thy season wonders,—unassuaged ; each day  
The golden courage of the sun is less.

Thy homeless accents cry to me,—deep  
though  
Thy tranquil body lie within the shoal  
Between these hillocks low of bowing grass—  
Thy soul hath resting place within my soul.

The fact of death is life's fermenting wine ;  
Before the dizzy majesty of chance  
Love quickens all her offices,—each pulse  
Spurred apprehensive of the final glance.

Pleasure and youth may wander at their will,  
Fame's cold achievement let each laurel fall,  
The birth cry of eternity nor hastes  
Nor fails ! Death,—death the heritage of  
all !

*Beneath the Hills*

---

Oh world take back thy bribe of certainty !  
All man has fully known is dead or done ;  
Only the unseen way sufficeth us—  
To know in part infinity begun.

The will that listeth in the seeking wind  
Eludes the craving tongue of prophecy,  
The spirit's mating and release are hid—  
The sea hath for her creed,—a mystery !

Ye champions of reticence ! ' Who tent  
Among the spangled cohorts of the dew,  
Ye unregretful pioneers of peace—  
No countersign for human hearts have  
you ?

Now must my lone and living purpose  
pace  
Once more the open shore of stern resolve ;  
Shake off the passive musing of the dead,  
And 'mid the rival stress of men revolve.



*Beneath the Hills*

---

Down Hope's green path to them "who  
overcome,"

The pledge of deathless compensation lies ;  
I take the chance ! And with the evening star  
Turn soft away to earn my paradise !









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WITHIN THE HEDGE

*by*

Martha Gilbert Dickinson